

Mark My Words (feat. Rick Ross)

Nipsey Hussle

[Intro: Nipsey Hussle]

I'm different[Verse 1: Nipsey Hussle]

Grind strenuous, cash out continuous

Mogul in the making, autonomous black businesses

Broken culture that we all lost niggas in

Elevated innovation over ignorance

I represent it

Suburban tinted, fiver that's percentage

Closed cur but the Mac-11 muzzle vintage

Ghost flourish, double back and come and get your niggas

Pass the power to your people, it ain't nothing realer

Facing this decision it's a funny feeling

Knowing when you tell the truth they gon' come and kill you

Knowing people need some proof, went and got the millions

Stressed a young nigga out but I'm so resilient

It's champagne, Honda Civics they was taking pictures

Young niggas in front the buildings tryna make a living

Or I just figured they was jealous cause we made it quicker

And never asked for no favors nigga

Look real shit you can mark my words

[Hook: Nipsey Hussle]

'85 Cutlass, I'll make my swerves

These ho niggas tryna take what's yours

Take a stand or have to take one first

Back him up, but only take one burst

With white chalk I'll make 'em paint your curb

Rest in peace, have 'em paint your shirt

If a nigga's tryna take my worth

But you know[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

My last white was 20 million

So familiar like Tookie Williams, I'm in the building

My conversation is cash money

I fly private, rarely do I have luggage

Riding through the ghetto, where I'm from the kids love me

Everyday I'm rocking jewels, I know they wanna touch me

Repercussions mandatory when you injure mine

Every time I step on the block my dick on the line

Burning like a candle in Versace sandals

My persona on the camera, that's just how it's handled

Put me in coach, I'm going to the paint
Ran a couple tour days and took me to the bank
Mark my words I know you're broke, I see it in your face
Art bezel twin chains I spend it on the vase
US Marshals came to cut the gates
I'm Double M, I'm known to beat the case[Hook: Nipsey Hussle]
Real shit you can mark my words
'85 Cutlass, I'll make my swerves
These ho niggas tryna take what's yours
Take a stand or have to take one first
Back him up, but only take one burst
With white chalk I'll make 'em paint your curb
Rest in peace, have 'em paint your shirt
If a nigga's tryna take my worth
But you know

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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